A

Funeral Eclogue

Sacred to the

Memory of Her Moſt Serene MAJESTY.

Our Late Gracious

Queen MARY:

Who departed this LIFE at

KINSINGTON:

On *Friday* the 28*th* of *December* 1694.

LONDON,

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Funeral Eclogue

Sacred to the Memory of Her Moſt Serene
MAJESTY, &c.

Celadon. Thyrſis.

AS the ſad *Celadon* retir'd of late,
Full charg'd with Sorrow for *Maria*'s fate,
Into an obſcure Grotto——————
Remote from Heav'n, and Man's obſcure ſight,
Secret as Love, and private as the Night,
All Gloomy as his Thoughts it ſeem'd to be,
For Melancholly Thoughts covet privacy.
As he ſat Penſive on the graſſy Bed,
His naked Arm ſuſtain'd his down-caſt Head.
And his neglected Pipe hung ſilent by,
Forgetting all it's wonted Harmony.
Whilſt little Rivulets of Tears did riſe,
From th' inexhauſted fountains of his Eyes.
When *Thyrſis* hidden in a Thicket by,
Heard the dejected Shepherds Elegy,
Heard him unload the Sorrows of his Breaſt,
Sorrow's ! with great reluctancy expreſs'it.

CELADON.

Ætherial Powers! how unconcern'd you keep
Affairs below? or is great Jove a sleep?
Lethargic Heavens! how, how can you alone
In this great Creſis be bare lookers on?
As if ſome uſual Common thing was done.
Strange and amazing! that no mighty flaw
Should ſhake ſame Natures fundamental Law;
In Providence no ominous breach was found,
All things went on in their accuſtom'd round.
No black Eclipſe, no Monarch-threatning Star
Preſag'd the death of our Illuſtrious Fair.
Nor did an unexpected Deluge riſe.
But what flow'd from our own imploring Eyes.
Heav'n alwaies us'd in ſome prodigious way,
To ſignifie a Monarch's fatal day.
Nature for leſſer perſons has expreſt,
Her Grief by various Throes——
But this ſurprizingly o're whelms her Breaſt.
At ſuch an unprovided fatal blow
Nature is dumb, does into Marble grow.
Thus ſhallow Fords a murmuring noiſe do love,
Whilſt deeper VVaters with dumb ſilence move.

A How rigid are the Laws of ſtubborn fate?
That thus the Good, the Virtuous and the Great
That thus the moſt Serene, and moſt Auguſt
Shoud undiſtinguiſh'd ſleep with Common Duſt.
Too high! Poor Mortals! we too vaſtly high!
Suffer'd alas! our Mounting hopes to fly.
From prudent *Mariana*'s pious Care,
VVhat joys ſo great did we not hope to ſhare?
VVhat happineſs did we expect to ſee
From her well managed Aconomy?
But ah! the bloſſoms of our hopes ſo Gay,
Appear'd, and promis'd fruit, but did decay.
Promis'd ſo fair, gone ſo abruptly ſoon,
'Tis juſt as if the Sun ſhould ſet at Noon.
You of that Sex that would be wondrous fair,
Exceeding beautious as the Angels are;
Leave, leave your flattering Glaſſes all at home,
And haſt to dreſs you by *Maria*'s Tomb:
VVithin the Marble Mirror look, and ſee,
Veiw well how ſhort the greateſt Glories be.
Think on the Beauties of Her Heaven-born-Soul,
Think well, and then Admire, and then Condole.

VVith

With Sorrow think; when to the Grave you go,
How little muſt be ſaid in Praiſe of you,
Since all that is call'd Virtuous was her due.
Sometimes in Books and Hiſtory we find,
A faint reſemblance of her God-like Mind,
Perhaps a Good, a Great, a Generous Soul we ſee,
But ſtill leſs Good, leſs Great, leſs Generous than ſhe,
For ſhe of Virtues Catalogue was the Epitome.
My Thoughts ſtart back, and fly, as well they may,
The ſad remembrance of that Doleful Day,
When round the Bed the griev'd Phyſitians ſtood,
And ſaw their utmoſt Skill could do no good,
Saw their Art baffled by Triumphant Death;
Saw how ſhe ſtrugled for a little Breath:
And now Her Heroe firſt was ſeen to fear,
Tho' arm'd with greateſt Patience, can't forbear,
A Loſs ſo Univerſal to Condole;
Emaſculating Sighs, unhing'd his Valiant Soul.

But hark! How ev'ry Angel, ev'ry Sphære,
Fill all around the Circumambient Air,
With Heavenly Muſic, and with Heavenly Layes,
With joyful Songs of Love, and Songs of Praiſe.
How do th' Officious Angels crowd the Milky Way,
To gaze on one as White, as Pure as they:
Choirs of Laureat-Saints around her fly!
Entring the Regions of Serenity,
The bleſt Inhabitants above ne're knew a greater Jubile.

THYRSIS *Diſcovering himſelf.*

Shepherd! Weep on----Nor ſhal't thou Weep alone;
A General Loſs, requires a General Grone.
Thus long I've kept my ſtrugling Paſſions down,
Strove againſt Nature too; but can't forbear
To pay the Royal Herſe a Tributary Tear.
Take me thy Partner in thy Mighty Grief,
Grief! Which admits no medium of Relief.

Say ye learn'd World, what Monument ſhall I raiſe
On well wrought Pillars of Immortal Verſe?
Bright as *Maria*'s Worth, and fadeleſs as her praiſe.
Fain would I ſomething worthy Her rehearſe,
But ah! My Muſe fears th' *Icarian* Fate,
Flags her dull Wings, and thinks the Flight too great.
Too great a Task t' advance her blooming Praiſe,
Too great to leſſen, and too great to raiſe;

He who with equal Numbers can proclaim,
The Great *Maria*s never fading Name,
Shall ſtand next her in the Records of Fame.
O! That I could adapted Words expreſs?
And my vaſt Thoughts in equal Meaſures dreſs?
I'd make the Grief as publick as the Loſs.
I'd tell the fatal News from Pole to Pole,
" *Where Winds can carry, or where Waves can roul.*
O! That I could do this——but 'tis a Task
Will the Aſſertion of ſome *Dryden* aſk,
But I'll begin——Since there's no *Dryden* near.
Thus in the abſence of the Sun, the leſſer Stars appear.

The Vine doth grace the Trees, the Grapes the Vine,
So thou *Maria* graced'ſt all that's Thine.
But ſince of Fair *Maria* we're bereft,
Pales and *Phœbus* have our Mountains left.
Weep, ye *Nereids*, weep your Fountains dry,
And let the thirſty Plants for want of moiſture die.
Then let the Sea the fatal Tidings hear,
The Sea! whoſe every drop, whoſe every briny Tear,
Is too too ſmall to expreſs our Grief and Care.
VVitneſs you Fountains how oft ſhe hath ſtood,
Viewing her ſelf in your tranſparent Flood,
But you with Melancholy noiſe would glide along
Slowly——as if you knew ſhe'd ſoon be gone.
The Trees with hang'd down Heads do ſeem to grieve,
As if they too her Abſence did perceive.
And all the Fields in Mourning now are hung,
And every Shepherds Lute now lies unſtrung.
The naked Fields are ſilent as the Grave,
Neglected Pipes hang up in ev'ry Cave.
Since ſhe who taught us how to Sing and Love,
Augments the Number of the Bleſt above.
The Cooing *Stockdove* now, and *Philomel*,
To Thorns and Hedges both their Sorrows tell.
But when the Nymph was preſent every Plant did rear
Their joyful Heads, and ſmil'd as well as her.
And Shepherds with their ſmootheſt, gentleſt Lays,
Did rival one another in her Praiſe.
The Woods put on their greeneſt Livery,
And Od'rous Smells exhal'd from every Tree.
But ah! No more (that Killing word, No more)
Shall we the Fair *Maria*'s worth adore.
She's gone——She's gone——————
Yet her Idea's treaſur'd in my Breaſt,
There let it pure and uncorrupted reſt.
Sooner ſhall Oxen Plow the Liquid Main,
Sooner ſhall Ships Sail thro the Graſſy Plain.

Sooner ſhall all things out of order run,
Into their primitive Confuſion.
The Center of the Earth ſhall ſooner ſhake,
And Trees their fixt Foundations ſhall forſake.
Than I forgetful of *Maria* prove,
Who was all Admiration, Joy, and Love.
The diſpers'd Glories of her Beauteous Sex
In her combin'd, did all in her Commix.
She was as gay, and ſprightly as the Grove,
Strait as the Arrows of the God of Love;
Serene and modeſt as the Riſing Morn,
Harmleſs as is the new ſprung Infant-Corn.
Her Thoughts were ſoft and eaſie as the Air,
And yet more conſtant than a fixed Star.
She added luſtre to the Crown ſhe wore,
Rich in its Gemms, but ſhe adorn'd it more.

Say, ſay ye mighty Dead if ought you know,
VVhat's acted on this Mundane Stage below,
If there be any Spirit can make reply,
To us that Live, concerning thoſe that Die:
Speak——Doth her Body in the Grave create
Vermin, and feel the mouldring Laws of Fate?
I could believe, (as 'tis but almoſt juſt)
It lies intire, and bloſſoms in the Duſt.
Methinks Corruption and the VVorms ſhould ſpare,
The Heavenly Temple of a Soul ſo fair.
If my Zeal ſhould tranſport me ſo away,
Pardon, Bleſt Virgin, if to Her I Pray——
If I to Her ſhould *Ave Maries* ſay,
The coming Age, I fear, would Idolize,
And as her Merits, ſo her Reliques prize.

Scarce had we dry'd our Eyes for that Great He,
VVhoſe Graces did adorn the Reverend See.
But lo! Inexorable Cruel Fate,
Remov'd the mighty Pillar of the State.
By theſe two great Examples we may ſee,
The State goes Hand in Hand with Piety.
If one does flouriſh, th' other too does Live,
And if one falls the other can't Survive.
He went before her to prepare the VVay,
And warn th' Inhabitants above, leaſt they
(Like us at her departure) unprovided be,
For her Arrival to Felicity.

But leſt Malicious Men ſhould think that I
Flatter the World, and do Mankind deceive
With an Encomium not an Elegy,
Or at leaſt think I do but vainly grieve,
May Jove *with pointed Thunder ſtrike me Dead,*
And darted Vengeance from above, tranſfix my Head.
If I don't think her Loyal, Juſt, and True,
The Beſt of Wives, and Beſt of Women too,
Nay all that is, (or can be) ſaid, is leſs than is her Due.

FINIS.